IN RECITAL

KEVIN GAGNON Baritone

Friday, November 15th, 1996
Convocation Hall
U of A Campus

Order of Program

BWV 82 Ich Habe Genug — J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

1. Aria
2. Recitative
3. Aria
4. Recitative
5. Aria

Victor Houle - Oboe
Grant Sigurdson - Violin I
Sarah Snihurowych - Violin II
Meghan Schuler - Viola
Olivia Walsh - Cello
Paul Polushin - Bass
Roger Admiral - Harpsichord

Three Shakespearean Songs — Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

1. Come Away, Death
2. O Mistress Mine
3. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Roger Admiral - Piano

Selections from "Schwanengesang" — F. Schubert (179-1828)

1. Kriegers Ahnung
2. Ständchen
3. Ihr Bild
4. Aufenthalt

Selections from "Le Nozze Di Figaro" **W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)**

1. Se Voul Ballare
2. Non Piu Andrai
3. Crudel! Perche Finora*

***with Jody Warwaruk, Soprano**

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people involved with helping to make this recital a reality. This includes the instrumentalists, Jody Warwaruk, Dr. Alan J. Ord (my instructor), and, of course, my beloved family.

-Kevin Gagnon

Kevin Gagnon is generously funded by the Vienna Opera Ball Society

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the degree of Bachelor of Music, performance route.

THERE WILL BE A RECEPTION FOLLOWING THE RECITAL IN THE ARTS LOUNGE OUT FRONT! BE THERE!

BWV 82 "Ich Habe Genug"

1. Aria
I am content
For I have embraced the saviour, the hope of the pious,
With my eager arms;
I am content!
I have seen him
My faith has pressed Jesus to my heart;
Now I joyfully desire today
To depart this life.

2. Recitative
I am content
My sole consolation,
That Jesus be mine and I be his.
In faith I accept him,
I see, as did Simeon,
The joys of that life already.
May we follow this man!
Oh! May the lord release me
From the chains of my body;
Oh! Were it time for my departure
I would joyfully tell the world:
I am content!

3. Aria
Sleep on, you tired eyes,
Close gently and blissfully!
World, I will stay no longer,
There is no part of you
That is fit for my soul.
Here I can only cultivate misery,
But there, there I will gaze upon
Sweet peace, quiet repose.

4. Recitative
Oh God! When will that joy come: Now!
When I shall enter peace
And in the cool soil
And there in your bosom repose?
The hour has come,
Oh world, good night!

5. Aria
I look forward to my death,
Oh that it had already taken place.
Then I would be free of all distress,
Which keeps me tied to this world.

Selections from "Schwanengesang"

1. Kriegers Ahnung
In deep sleep lies around me
The circle of my brothers-in-arms;
My heart is so anxious and heavy,
So passionate in longing.
How often have I sweetly dreamed,
Close to her warm bosom!
How warmly gleamed the glowing hearth
As she lay in my arms!
Here, where the fire's dimmer gleam
Plays, alas! on weapons only,
The heart feels utterly alone,
And tears of sadness spring forth.
Heart, let not comfort forsake you!
Many a battle calls you yet.
I shall soon rest and be fast asleep.
My heart's dearest love, good night!
-Ludwig Rellstab

2. Standchen
Softly through the night my songs implore you
Come down into the still grove with me, beloved;
Slender tree tops rustle and whisper in the moonlight,
Fear not, sweet one, the betrayer's malicious eavesdropping.
Do you hear the nightingales calling? Ah! they are imploring you,
With the sweet music of their notes they implore you for me
They understand the bosom's yearning, they know the pangs of love,
They can touch very tender heart with their silvery tones.
Let them move your heart also;beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I wait for you; come, give me bliss!
-Ludwig Rellstab

3. Ihr Bild
I stood in sombre reverie
Staring at her portrait,
And that loved countenance
Gently came to life.
Her lips were clothed
With a wondrous smile,
And, as though with tears of sorrow,
Her two eyes shone.
My tears, too, flowed
Down from my cheeks
And oh, I cannot believe it,
That I have lost you!
-Heinrich Heine

4. Aufenthalt
Roaring torrent, whistling woods,
Towering cliff...these are my abode.
As wave follows hard upon wave,
So my tears flow ever anew.
As the high treetops stir and sway,
So my heart beats wildly without pause;
And, like the cliff's primeval ore.
My grief remains ever unchanged.
-Ludwig Rellstab

Selections from "Le Nozze Di Figaro"

1. Se Voul Ballare
Should my dear master want entertainment
I'll play the music on my guitar.
Should he, for instance, wish to go dancing
He'll face the music, I'll lead the band.
And then, I'll take my cue without ado,
And slyly, very slyly.
Using discretion I shall uncover his secret plan.
Subtly outwitting, innocent seeming ,
Cleverly hitting, planning and scheming,
I'll get the best of the hypocrite yet!
Teach him a lesson he'll never forget.
Should my dear master want entertainment
I'll play the musci on my guitar.

2. Non Piu Andrai
From now on, my adventurous lover
No romantic, philandering excursions.
Such diversions are done with and over,
Cherubino, my young cavalier.
You had better forget all your finery,
Feathered caps which you wore to perfection;
Powdered ringlets and cream-like complexion
In the army will soon disappear.
Off with soldiers coarsely swearing,
Long moustaches proudly wearing!
With a rifle and a saber, in the army you will labour,
Trumpets clashing and helmets flashing,
Lots of fame, but not much money.
And instead of minueting,
Through the mud you'll stagger sweating.
Up the stony mountains wheexing,
Sometimes broiling sometimes freezing,
To the tune of trumpets wailing
While the cannonballs are hailing
With the rifle bullets sailing, whistling by your pretty ear.
Cherubino on to glory! On to victory and to fame!

3. Crudel! Perche finora
Count
But why, why make me suffer , longing for your reply?
Why will you not tell me why?
Susanna
In time we women grant you what we at first deny.
-Then we shall meet this evening?
-If so you wish, my lord.
-You will not fail to be there?
-No, no you have my word.
-You promise? -Yes.
-Won't disappoint me? -No.
-This very evening?
-You have my word. I will not fail my word.
-The sweet promise you gave me raises my hope so high.
-All those who know what love is, forgive me for this lie.
- The sweet promise, etc.
-All those who know, etc.

And Now For Some Singer Jokes...

Q. How do you know if there is a Baritone at your door?
A. He's the one who has forgotten his key and doesn't know when to come in.

Q. How do you know if the stage is level?
A. The Tenors are drooling out of BOTH sides of their mouths.

Q. What is the definition of "semi-tone"?
A. Two Altos singing unison.

Q. What is the difference between a Soprano and a piranha?
A. Lipstick.